

## SOME FRENCH STORIES TO READ

It has occurred to me that a few notes on French tales and novels might interest London Hospital men in France and possibly in England. We have condoled with one another on the way we were taught languages at school. The war may provide an occasion for some of us to repair, to some extent, the faulty groundwork. A simple grammar such as Hugo's or Otto's, will help to recall the elementary rules and furnish a certain vocabulary. Under most circumstances there will be no difficulty in obtaining the willing services of a French teacher and there will be nothing but regret if such an opportunity is wasted. Still, we are not here concerned with the speaking but with the reading of French, a much simpler matter. An excellent though expensive pocket dictionary, English-French and French-English combined, is that of Bellows, 8/6 net. The library edition costs 5/-. Of pocket conversation dictionaries, English-French only, that published by Jaschke (second edition, 2/6 net) is a remarkably useful one. Difficulties rapidly disappear when it is no longer necessary to use the dictionary so frequently as to spoil interest in the tale. A good plan is to begin by limiting the number of words looked up, provided that the general sense of the story is retained. The meaning of words which recur frequently should always be ascertained and then the common ones will soon be recognised.

After elementary grammar and reading exercises, a start should be made with some easy French book. In France books may be ordered through a local bookseller, but they may be more quickly obtained by sending a deposit of, say, a £1, to some foreign bookseller in London, such as Mudie's, and ordering one or two books to be sent as required. All the books mentioned are published at 3f. 50. (2/8 net), unless otherwise stated. It is not easy to find a really simple book on which to practise. Some of the shorter stories in Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin* (Nelson, 1f. 25.) are easy and very charming. Among them are found *Les deux Auberges*, *Ballades en prose*, *Les Vieux*, and *Le Phare des Sanguinaires*. There is a short novel by Jean de la Brète, called *Mon Oncle et mon Curé* (Nelson, 1f. 25.), which has had a wide circulation, and, though without dramatic incident, has a very pleasant flavour. A volume of *Morceaux choisis* (Nelson, 1f. 25.), by Maeterlinck, includes his well-known *Interior* and other dramatic pieces which have advantages for a beginner, in that they are of a conversational character.

A prince among the world's great writers of short stories is Guy de Maupassant. His stories have high literary merit and show a versatility and

unexpectedness in plot which make them unique. It is unfortunate that so many are marred by coarseness. There is, however, a volume of selected ones suitable for general reading. In this, his *Contes choisis*, the possessor will have a large collection of short stories which are really short and contain some original plots. Some are founded on incidents in the Franco-German War of 1870. A more recent short story writer is Pierre Mille who recounts, in interesting fashion, the varied adventures of *Barnavaux*, a French soldier, in a book of that name.

Among French novelists, Anatole France is well-known in England, and ranks high in the world of literature. A few of his novels are difficult to read and abstruse in character. A good introduction will be obtained from reading a volume of his short stories. *Crainquebille*, etc., contains *Putois*, a fanciful story of a gardener at St. Omer, who only existed in fancy, but of whom the inhabitants thought they knew a great deal. Dog lovers will enjoy the sketch of *Riquet* and his feelings when his master left the old home. Another book of his short stories, *L'Etui de Nacre*, contains several skilful and sympathetic studies of human nature. One of the earlier novels of Marcel Prévost, quite easy to read, is *Frédérique*, a story touching on the feminist movement in France and England. It may be mentioned that there are several women writers of note, such as Marcelle Tinayre (e.g., *La Maison de Péché*), Colette Yver (e.g., *Princesses de Science*), and Pierre de Coulevain (*Eve Victorieuse*).

Paul Bourget is one of the finest of living French novelists, and for many reasons he can be recommended to English readers. His books are not difficult to read, and they contain plenty of incident. One obtains a glimpse into the special features of French family life, and each novel contains a masterly presentation of some problem, often a domestic one. Among his best novels are *L'Emigré*, *L'Etape*, *Un Divorce*, and *Le Disciple* (1f. 25.). Bourget qualified as a medical man before he entered literature, and in a recent volume, *Le Sens de la Mort*, (the significance of death), he presents a crisis in the home life of a famous French surgeon, who, suffering from an incurable illness, directs a small war hospital for wounds of the nervous system. This moving story is given as it appeared to his surgical assistant.

Apart from the stories named in these short notes, many others might have been mentioned such as those of Pierre Loti, Barrès, Romain Rolland, and others. In *French Novelists of To-day*, by Winifred Stephens (1st and 2nd series, 5/- net each), will be found a helpful guide by any reader who wishes to become acquainted with this flourishing branch of modern literature.

JOHN PARKINSON.



**RICHARD DRUMMOND  
MAXWELL, M.D. Lond., F.R.C.S.**  
*Assistant Obstetric Physician.*



**RICHARD DRUMMOND MAXWELL, M.D., F.R.C.S.,**  
*Late Assistant Obstetric Physician, London Hospital.*

Richard Drummond Maxwell was born in Edinburgh on March 16th, 1873. He was very proud of his Scotch descent. He had many friends in Edinburgh, and was never happier than when he could take a short holiday in the North. He was educated at the City of London School. After leaving school he attended classes at University College.

He came to the London Hospital as a student in 1892 and qualified M.B.Lond., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., in 1897. After holding the appointments of House Physician, House Surgeon, and Receiving Room Officer, he served as a Civil Surgeon in South Africa. At the end of the war he became Resident Medical Officer at Queen Charlotte's Hospital in 1903. From this time onwards he devoted himself to obstetrics and gynaecology with energy and enthusiasm. Those who knew him recognised the fact that he had developed a great deal since his student days. In 1904 he took the M.D.Lond. in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Soon after this he passed the Primary Fellowship Examination, and in 1897 became F.R.C.S. For some years before this he attended most regularly all the gynaecological operations at the London Hospital, and soon made himself a sort of unofficial Registrar, and a very useful one, although there was no prospect of there being a vacancy on the Staff. He made himself so useful and worked with such energy that he was appointed Obstetric Registrar and Tutor in 1907. From that time until his death, Maxwell worked with me almost continuously and always harmoniously. In 1908 he was appointed to the Staff of the Samaritan Hospital, in 1909 to the Staff of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and in 1912, on the retirement of Dr. Lewers, he was appointed Assistant Obstetric Physician to the London Hospital. The late Dr. G. E. Herman formed a very high opinion of Maxwell at this time, when they brought out a new edition of Herman's "Diseases of Women" together. Maxwell was a loyal, cheery, and unselfish colleague. During my illness last year he had charge of all the gynaecological and obstetrical beds at the London Hospital for nine months, with only occasional help when one of the assistant surgeons performed some of the emergency operations. He took on this extra work cheerfully and unselfishly, although he longed to go out to the War. I wrote to him several times asking him whether it would not be better to make some temporary arrangement by which he could be relieved of some of the work and responsibility, but he

always answered cheerfully, "Don't worry about the Hospital; . . . I can carry on." How well he "carried on" is shown by the Hospital records, by a paper which he published in *The Practitioner* in February, 1916, by a paper which is in the press, to appear in *The Clinical Journal*, and by a more ambitious paper, unfinished, which he was writing with Dr. A. B. Lindsay. I hope that it may be possible to publish this last paper. Beyond several short communications, Maxwell had not written much, but was beginning to write and to write well. He was much impressed by the obstetric tragedies which every obstetrician knows—cases in which skilled help is not sought until brute force has done its worst—and would have been a keen advocate of State provision of labour-wards for all poor women. He wrote: "The ideal one would like to attain to (and it is not beyond reach) is the extension of the Infirmary service to include much more of this class of midwifery in its province than is at present possible. Every case in this class of life would be delivered in the local district lying-in ward, and, if normal, sent back, by ambulance, to her home in twenty-four hours' time, subsequent attention and visits being carried out by a nursing staff under the supervision of an obstetrical officer of experience." He was an able and popular teacher of students and nurses, knew well the value of a good story or a quaint allusion in driving his point home, and took pains to train himself as a teacher. He was a skilful and successful operator.

Maxwell was an excellent companion. Being catholic in his interests he talked well on many subjects, always in an interesting manner in a style of his own, often with a cynicism which did not go very deep, and with much wit and humour. He was unusually well-versed in the Old Testament, from which he got some of his most apt quotations. For the last year he was in command of the London Hospital section of the London University Officers' Training Corps. He spent a fortnight in camp last July and enjoyed every minute of it. As a student he was a sprinter and Rugby football player. With the family, his holidays were nearly always spent in Scotland, either in Skye, where he walked and fished to his heart's content, or in Dumfriesshire whence his family originally came. The district round Sanquhar and Wanlockhead he knew by heart, visiting the graves of his ancestors, tramping for days over the moors and hills, or else fishing in the Nith and Crawick. He always said that a week in Dumfriesshire did him more good through the tonic of the moorland air than a month elsewhere. When he settled in town he rode a little and played golf for a short time, but until last year had rather neglected taking exercise. Last year he played lawn tennis, and told me that he had derived great benefit from it when he was working at his hardest. During the last few



months he had taken up physical culture, bedroom exercises, etc., and used to swim twelve lengths of the bath at the Royal Automobile Club every evening and sprint afterwards. He told me, a few weeks before his death, that he considered that health was the most important asset a man could have, and that his own sense of physical fitness had improved greatly as the result of physical culture. Three and a half years ago he suffered from a duodenal ulcer which was cured by gastro-jejunostomy and removal of the appendix. An unsuspected band, however, formed between the region of the appendix and some point in the pelvis, and this caused his death. The end came with a shocking suddenness. He did not feel well on Friday, March 3rd, but on the next day wrote to the Hospital that he would operate as usual on the following Monday. On the morning of Sunday, March 5th, an operation was performed on account of intestinal obstruction, and he died twenty-four hours later.

The premature end to a life full of promise and usefulness to patients and students and to his profession came as a great blow to an unusually large circle of professional friends, and Maxwell's loss will be long and deeply felt by them and at the London Hospital. He was one of the original and most energetic and enthusiastic members of the Gynaecological Visiting Society, the members of which deeply deplore his loss.

HENRY RUSSELL ANDREWS.

The sudden death of Drummond Maxwell serves again to remind us of the slender and uncertain thread on which our life hangs—yesterday full of energy, interests, and hopes; to-day silent and at rest for ever. To those who were associated intimately with him nothing could exceed the dramatic suddenness of his departure. Of Maxwell's ability there is little need to speak, his academic distinctions, the position he had already attained in his profession, the success which had already come to him are surely sufficient testimony to that. Great though his professional attributes were, it is for other and still rarer gifts that those who knew him will continue to mourn for him and to dwell upon his memory. A wide and generous sympathy for all suffering, a detestation of cant, and a passionate love of justice were mingled in his character with a natural geniality and a deep appreciation of the drama, poetry, and humour of life. The quiet courage with which again during the last few years he had faced two serious abdominal operations was not lost on his friends—Maxwell, I believe, was never known to complain. Another striking feature was the interest which he always evinced in military matters, a fact perhaps to be explained by his descent from a Scottish-border family. He had

seen active service in the South African War as an officer in the Royal Army Medical Corps, while for the last twelve months he was in command of the London Hospital Section of the University Officers' Training Corps. Nothing, however, compensated for the disappointment which he felt that, owing to various substantial reasons, he could not join our Expeditionary Force in France; for, like many of his countrymen, he had a strong sentimental regard for Scotland's ancient ally, and was strangely familiar with some of the more romantic chapters in her history. Maxwell was a pure product of a London Medical School, and one can safely say no School ever had a more faithful or public-spirited son. He had identified himself absolutely with his School, and followed its varying fortunes with the closest personal interest.

Such a man could not fail to be popular with both colleagues and students, and the widespread grief with which the news of his death was received bore remarkable testimony to the respect and affection in which he was held.

Death is common; and sooner or later we all must walk the dismal shores of the dark Cocytos, but few will be followed there with such deep regret, few will leave behind them here a memory so strong to endure!

W.W.

The funeral took place on Thursday, March 9th, starting from 102, Oxford Gardens, where a short service was held, conducted by the Rev. R. D. Mertons, Vicar of St. Mark's, Notting Hill, and who later officiated at Golder's Green, where the remains were cremated. At the crematorium a guard of honour was drawn up, formed by students of the London Hospital and St. Bartholomew's medical units of the London University O.T.C., to which Dr. Maxwell was also attached. The bearer party was formed from the same section, consisting of Sergt. Sharpe, Lce-Corpl. Harsant, Cadets Jenkins, Hill, Dummere, Dawson, Broadbridge, and Simpson.

The large assembly at the burial service included Dr. J. Burns Maxwell, of 29, Dowsett Avenue, Southend-on-Sea (brother); Miss Mary Maxwell, Major Priestly, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Priestly, Dr. J. L. Maxwell, Senr. (uncle); Major Maxwell, R.A.M.C.; Mr. D. Cowan, M.A.; Mr. E. W. Morris (Secretary, London Hospital), Sister Victor and Sister Dyke, Dr. Lewis Smith, Capt. Hugh Rigby, Dr. Russell Andrews, Mr. Hunter Tod, Prof. W. Wright, Mr. J. P. R. Lyell, J.P.; Rev. J. Rorke, Mr. Lawson Dodd, Mr. Ashley Daly, Mrs. James and Mr. Vincent J. James, Mr. W. Blair Bell, Dr. Stevens, Mr. Comyns Berkeley (representing the Gynaecological Visiting Society), Dr. H. Head and Mrs. Head, Dr. Roberts, Mr. Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gabain and Miss

Gabain, Mr. and the Misses Antony, Mr. Russell Howard, Mr. F. Farmer, Mr. W. S. Perrin, Mr. N. G. Gedy, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mr. E. W. Clapham, Mr. J. Rampley, and numerous other friends.

The floral tributes were sent by, in addition to those of the members of the family:—

Resident Physicians and Surgeons at London Hospital,

House Committee at London Hospital,

The College Board, London Hospital,

His own House Physician, London Hospital,

The Matron, London Hospital,

Mr. E. W. Morris, Secretary, London Hospital,

Mr. W. S. Perrin, London Hospital,

Mr. Russell Howard, London Hospital,

The Gynaecological Visiting Society,

Staff of Queen Charlotte's Hospital,

Matron and Sisters at 4 Dorset Square, W.,

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Rev. and Mrs. Rorke, Mr. and Mrs. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. Gilliatt, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Dr. and Mrs. Coram James, Mrs. Lett, Dr. and Mrs. Farquhar Mathe-son, Mr. and Mrs. Salter, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, Rev. and Mrs. McCormick, Margaret and Jimmy Weir, Miss Priestly and Mademoiselle Correvon, Mr. Clifford White, Mrs. A. B. Priestly, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Miss Moat (maid), etc., etc.

## OBITUARY



Lieutenant MAURICE MACKENZIE

### MAURICE MACKENZIE

The death, at the front, of Maurice Mackenzie leaves yet one more big gap in the life of the London Hospital. Those of us who enjoyed his intimate

friendship know how irreparable the loss is. Always cheerful and ready to do anything to help others, he was the ideal resident and the perfect friend.

He was a most gifted actor, and his Christmas troupes will long be remembered by all those who saw them—pleasant memories of more cheerful days. Those of us who acted with him know how greatly his personality and skill contributed to the success of those troupes.

He held most of the resident appointments at the "London," where his unfailing kindness endeared him to his patients, and his professional ability gave them the greatest confidence in him.

His leaning was towards medicine rather than surgery, and his great ambition was to follow in the footsteps of his famous father.

But, like George Chapman and many another "Londoner," he has now "gone west." But he died, as he lived, a "white man," doing his bit for his country.

The following appeared in *The Lancet*:—

"MAURICE MACKENZIE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. LOND.

Lieutenant, Royal Army Medical Corps

Lieutenant M. Mackenzie, who was reported killed in France on November 28th at the age of 28, was the youngest son of the late Sir Stephen Mackenzie and of Lady Mackenzie, of the 'The Croft,' Dorking, and a nephew of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. He was educated at Elstree, Repton, and the London Hospital, where after winning a prize in clinical medicine he qualified in 1912 and held the appointments of House-Surgeon, House-Physician, and Receiving Room Officer, and showed promise of every success in his profession. He will also be remembered there for his share in organising and performing in the Christmas entertainments. On the outbreak of war he joined the Red Cross, and with his friend, Captain H. W. Kaye, R.A.M.C., organised a hospital at Château Lavarsine, which was placed at the disposal of the British Red Cross Society by Baron Robert de Rothschild. A large number of French and British wounded were treated there until the advance to the Aisne caused the hospital to be evacuated. Kaye and Mackenzie then came home and joined the Royal Army Medical Corps. They were posted to the 43rd Field Ambulance, and after training at Aldershot went with the ambulance to France in April. Here Lieutenant Mackenzie made himself loved and valued during a dangerous and difficult time. In August he became attached as medical officer to the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, and was with them in the trenches in the attack of September 25th, and up to the time of his death, which occurred while attending to a wounded man under fire. His commanding officer writes of him to Lady Mackenzie:—'Your son was a great favourite and a cheerful companion, with a very high sense of duty. We lose a great friend, and I and the battalion lose an ideal medical officer.' The friend with whom he worked wrote of him in August:—'We cannot serve with him for any time without realising how admirably suited he is by temperament, and indeed in every way, for active service. To my mind he is just the type of man who is the backbone of our army out here—high praise you will say, but I mean it. No one



could wish for a more loyal and trustworthy man to work with.' And again after his death:—'All the officers and men I spoke to were more than fond of him and feel his loss intensely.'

Extract from letter of Stretcher-Bearer F. Kane, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles:—

"We had a working-party repairing a trench, and while they were at it a German aeroplane was hovering overhead and gave the signal to the German gunners. A couple of shells came over and two men were killed, but the Engineer officer told them to go on working. A minute afterwards another shell came over and broke the Engineer officer's leg and wounded some more. By the time we got up, the men had left the trench and carried the Engineer officer across some fields to the road. The Sergeant wanted Lieut. Mackenzie to stop behind some houses until we could bring the wounded officer to him, but he said he would go up himself to where the officer was lying, and told us to wait behind the old houses until he had dressed the officer.

While Mr. Mackenzie was dressing the Engineer officer, a shell burst a couple of feet away from them and Mr. Mackenzie got hit on the spine with a large piece of shell and died immediately. The Sergeant of Stretcher-Bearers got hit in several places, and died being carried on the stretcher. The shell did not hit the wounded officer; he escaped marvellously, but died of wounds several days later."

The following letter has been received from Dr. H. W. Kaye:—

NO. 8 CASUALTY CLEARING STATION,  
B.E.F.  
November 30th, 1915.

To the Editor of the "London Hospital Gazette."

DEAR SIR,

Many friends and contemporaries of Maurice Mackenzie must be mourning his death, and, therefore, I send you this short account of his War Service, as it was my privilege to serve with him throughout the greater part of it.

At the beginning of September, 1914, he went to France with the 2nd British Red Cross Society Unit, and contributed very much to the success of the 90 bed hospital of the Society at Laversine (near Chantilly): this hospital did good work both for our own and the French wounded during September, October, and part of November—a time when such help was of great value to the hard-pressed resources of the Allies in dealing with their casualties.

During November and December he took an active part in the organisation and equipment of the B.R.C.S. No. 1 Mobile Hospital, which was destined to work for the French, but never actually came into operation.

Just after Christmas, 1914, he came home, and having terminated his engagement with the B.R.C.S., took a commission in the R.A.M.C. After a short period spent in training at Crowborough, he was appointed to the 43rd Field

Ambulance, then in training at Crookham. In the middle of May the Division was dispatched to France—the 2nd Division of the New Armies to go—and after a few weeks was sent up to work in the famous Ypres salient. About the third week in August, Mackenzie was transferred to the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, and was still serving with them when he met his death on Advent Sunday.

He was a first-rate Field Ambulance Officer, both in the routine of training at home, and also in active service in the field out here, and no one could have shown more keenness and efficiency in the various duties that fall to the Field Ambulance Officer. Quite apart from his professional skill and thoroughness, he made a great and enviable reputation among those with whom he worked out here (and they are the people who know what a man is worth) for the courage and cheerfulness he showed when things were "strenuous"—the courage that is quite unostentatious but unmistakable and beyond price. Many will remember the splendid work he did when the Ecole Dressing Station was shelled and set on fire, as well as the invaluable three days and nights he spent in and near Railway Wood early in August with his bearer party, on an occasion which none of us will ever forget. Such a bare statement may convey little to the reader's mind, but those who were there know how much his presence and example meant in more than merely medical ways, and what excellent work he did for the wounded there under most trying conditions.

Of his work with the Battalion I can only speak at second hand, though—knowing him as I did—I am confident he was a first-rate regimental medical officer. Among the officers and men of his regiment there was clearly only one opinion, and it was obvious that he had completely won their respect and affection as well as their confidence.

The adjutant—his great friend in the battalion—sent me word of his death yesterday. It appears that on the morning of the 28th, news was brought to the R.I.R. Headquarters that a sapper officer had been badly wounded, and was lying about half a mile away. Mackenzie at once went off with his sergeant and stretcher-bearers, and arrived to find the wounded man had been removed from the trench to the roadside. He proceeded to examine and dress him, and while he was doing this a shell must have pitched right among the party, for they were all killed except the patient, who was wounded again. Mackenzie must have been killed instantaneously. We buried him yesterday alongside his sergeant in the French cemetery, amid the roar of our guns.

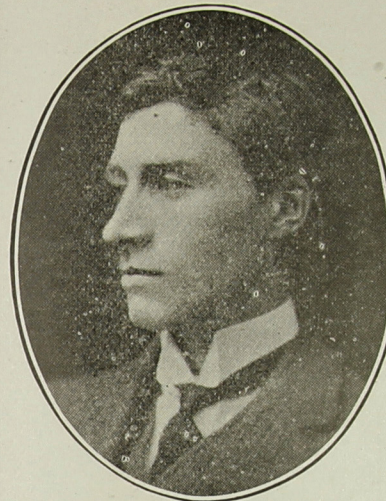
He died a true soldier-doctor's death, literally doing his job, and thinking only of his patients. The "London" may well be proud of such a son;

all those who served with him out here are mourning the loss of a most faithful and courageous friend, and extend the truest sympathy to his family and all his friends at home.

Your obedient Servant,

H. W. KAYE,  
Capt., R.A.M.C.

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ARNOLD BOSANQUET THOMPSON, M.B., B.Ch., Oxon.  
Captain, Royal Army Medical Corps.

Captain A. B. THOMPSON,

who was killed in action in Gallipoli on Christmas Day, at the age of 29 years, was the son of Mr. Arthur Thompson, of Garthlands, Reigate Heath. Captain Thompson passed from Haileybury, where he was at School, to New College, Oxford, and there began his medical work, completing his curriculum at the London Hospital. Both at Oxford and at the London Hospital he was known as a quiet man, choosing his friends carefully, who showed remarkable promise, and whose work, whether in the lecture-room or in the wards, was of the highest merit. After qualifying he was appointed House-Surgeon to Poplar Hospital, where he gained a thorough medical and surgical experience. Since April, 1915, he was attached to the Field Ambulance, East Lancashire Division, in which he had already proved his worth. In expressing his sympathy with the parents in their loss of a gifted son one of his teachers adds, "Indeed, all who knew this man loved him for the high ideals which governed his actions."

[With acknowledgement to "The Lancet."]

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STANISLAUS J. LAUDER

Stanislaus J. Lauder was a medical student in his final year, and was a brother of Major F. P. Lauder, R.A.M.C. At the beginning of the first



STANISLAUS J. LAUDER.

Balkan war, two or three years ago, he went to Tripoli with a hospital raised in London to work under the Turkish Crescent, and later on went to Montenegro in a corresponding position. He received the Balkan medal, and had only recently returned when the present war broke out. He then immediately enlisted in the service battalion of the London Scottish.

He was a born fighter: with no great love for physick, his courage had no limits. The following letter was received from an officer in his battalion:—

LONDON SCOTTISH.

2nd November, 1915.

DEAR SIR,

I have your letter of yesterday's date, and as my O.C. tells me he has received one also in almost the same terms, I trust you will take this as an answer to both.

Your brother's death was a most gallant one, and his loss is much felt in the regiment. As you are doubtless aware, the London Scottish took part in the big gas attack on October 13th. The evening before (i.e., 12th) your brother asked me if he would be allowed to go out over the parapet with the men, as he thought that by so doing he might be able, by means of his technical knowledge, etc., by early application of dressings, and by the use of the hypodermic syringe, to give useful and rapid assistance to men who might fall in the charge. I pointed out the great risk he would be running, and he should no doubt have absolutely forbidden him, but he used such specious arguments and pled to be allowed to go, that I gave way to him, at the same time pointing out



to him that he was asking to be allowed to do something which I should never on earth think of asking any man to do.

Soon after the attack commenced, about an hour or perhaps two, one of the bearers came in to tell me that your brother had been wounded, and was lying out some distance in front of our trenches. As the fire was very fierce, it was not possible to get him in till it got dark. He was one of the first brought in, and was found to be suffering from several wounds, probably from shrapnel, and much exhausted by loss of blood.

When I saw him and passed him on to the Field Ambulance, I thought that if he could tide over the result of hæmorrhage he had a sporting chance. Unfortunately, he was not able to survive this, as I understood from one of the medical officers attached to No. 141 Field Ambulance, that he died on the way down from the advanced dressing station of No. 1 Field Ambulance, which was evacuating us. Re the last question in your notes, neither the O.C. nor I can give you any information, I mean as regards where your brother was buried, and whether he was seen by a Catholic priest before he died. Perhaps if you were to write to the 1st Field Ambulance you would be able to get information on these points.

In conclusion, I should like to say that though your brother practically gave his life for others, for this is really what it comes to, it was not given in vain, for many of the men who were able to walk back from the field in the earlier stages of the fight, and a few who were brought in after he was brought in himself, told me how much they owed to his ministrations.

Though I did not know your brother well (I had not long been with the regiment), I liked him, the rest of the men liked him, and he is much missed. Perhaps you will excuse a total stranger extending to you sincere sympathy in your bereavement, but I feel that I would like to do it.

Yours faithfully,

N. DOUGLAS MACKEY,

Lieut.

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Second-Lieutenant TWEEDIE

A wide circle of "Londoners" of the recent generation, and an even wider circle of Cambridge men, have heard with a pang of keen regret of the untimely death of Second-Lieutenant L. K. Tweedie in France. He was a Caius man, and while up took a man's share of all the life and sports that make a University career worth while. He entered the "London," and at the first call of war, with no thought of self, took a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, a post in which his knowledge of men and wide general education enabled him to be of far greater service than he could possibly have been as an unqualified man in the R.A.M.C.

A shell burst near, and a splinter caused a grave head injury, from which in a few seconds he died, painlessly, suddenly, a freely offered sacrifice for England. To his parents we offer our heartfelt sympathy. In his death he has made the greatest gift to his country that man is permitted to offer.



Second-Lieutenant L. K. TWEEDIE

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Captain H. J. RUTHERFORD-JONES, R.A.M.C.

Captain RUTHERFORD-JONES

Although H. J. Rutherford-Jones left the College as long ago as 1892, he was one who had kept his

connection with his old School, and was frequently to be seen at the Annual Hospital Dinners in the Winter, and at the Distribution of Prizes in the Summer.

As a student he was, we are assured, one of the most popular men of his day, and coxed the Hospital Boat when the Hospital won the Rowing Cup for, we believe, the first time. To the present writer he was known as a man of cultured taste, who had travelled much and far, and who knew the cities and minds of many men. He had a great love for the sea, and used to delight in reviving his experiences as a P. & O. medical officer. He also took a great interest in antiquarian subjects, particularly in pottery, a subject in which he found a kindred spirit in his old friend, Frank Corner.

No mention of Rutherford-Jones would be in any way adequate which omitted reference to his quaint, quiet humour, to which a very characteristic voice contributed not a little.

His travels in Egypt and India had given him a great pride in England and the Empire, and he was not a little perturbed by the way in which he thought affairs were drifting.

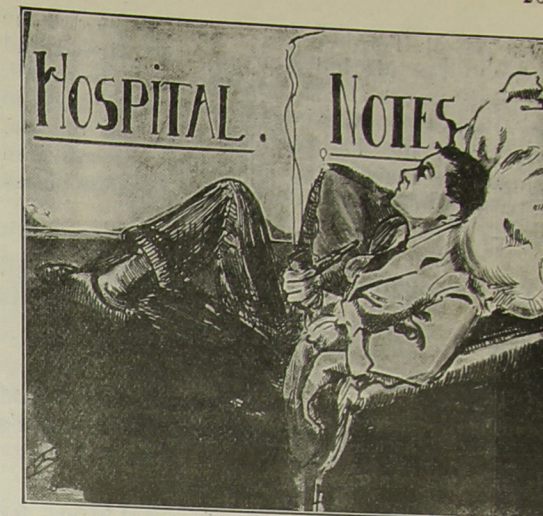
He joined the R.A.M.C. at the outbreak of the War, and was in France as early as August 20th, 1914. He was first attached to No. 10 General Hospital, and later to No. 12 Field Ambulance, with which he served for a year, and for which he was mentioned in Despatches by Sir John French on January 1st, 1916.

His health had meanwhile been undermined by the hardships which he had undergone, and he succumbed, after a few weeks' illness, to kidney trouble, complicated with heart and lung affections.

He leaves behind him, to mourn his loss, a wife and stepdaughter, and many friends.

As an early College friend of his says, and as a later friend can readily believe, "he was always a sportsman."

W. W.



The death of Dr. Maxwell is the saddest bereavement that has yet overtaken us. Shock and surprise were our first feelings on the Monday morning as the news came to us, and so strange, so unexpected, was it that some time elapsed before we could credit the news that we should never see him again.

He was eminently a "Londoner" before all, keen on the Hospital, keen on its students, and proud of his special work.

He was the most rapid speaker in the Hospital, and one of the clearest teachers.

When Obstetric Tutor, he made a practice of meeting his pupils at night after the finals, to hear how they had fared. He was hardly ever at a loss for the name of any old "Londoner" revisiting the Hospital. A most loveable man—a personal loss to everyone of us.

\*\*\*

Dr. Leyton is to be congratulated on the advent of a son and heir on February 20th. Discussions in the staff room on the ways of babies, of nurses and infant feeding, are said to be very illuminating and practical.

\*\*\*

After his recent slight illness, Mr. Milne is back again well and fit. Mrs. Milne has just presented him with a fine boy, who is growing fast. We offer our heartiest congratulations on the event.

Congratulations to Mr. Milne on passing the L.S.A. At his time of life, a remarkable feat. The great rush of candidates into the Apothecaries' Hall lately, is doubtless due to their anxiety to keep such good company.

\*\*\*

Mr. Paton Pollitt, the Dental Surgeon, too, has just had a son and heir; again we congratulate heartily, the "London" is doing well.



Dr. H. M. Turnbull, our Pathologist, or as he prefers it, our Morbid Anatomist, is married and returned to work after a honeymoon in Cornwall. The whole Hospital is delighted at the news, no longer will the Pathological Block put out the lights only in time for the last train. We wish him every happiness with all our hearts. Others please copy.

\*\*

The latest letters show that Mr. Lett is very well in Egypt. Mr. Beresford, who is out there also, is reported fit, but anxious for work.

\*\*

Mr. A. B. Lindsay has become a Surgical Registrar. He was almost the last of Dr. Warner's long line of H.P.'s.

\*\*

St. Anthony's Ward is now open, and in use for spirochaetosis in its infectious stages.

The patients are under the care of Dr. Sequeira, while Mr. Parry Jones has the honour of being the first resident in charge of this post.

We hope to print a short biography of St. Anthony in our next issue.

\*\*

Dr. Warner is once again in harness. He works at O.P.'s like a chief and clinic rolled into one, and sleeps in three nights a week.

\*\*

Students are still running the White Charity as ever, and the local babies continue to arrive with unfailing regularity.

\*\*

£10,000 was recently presented to the Hospital towards the Nurse Cavell Home: that such a sum could be secured by the *Daily Mirror* is a wonderful tribute to the unfailing generosity of the British public in any worthy cause.

\*\*

Day by day the list of applicants grows.

\*\*

Dr. Head is repeating his experiment of two students acting as H.P. with very happy results. The mobilization of the profession must occur soon, and it is true wisdom to look ahead.

\*\*

An ugly, tattered, piebald erection on the roof of the Hospital, intended to act as a target to enemy Zeppelins, has at last been removed or blown away.

\*\*

Mr. Elliott, our Assistant Secretary, has been "called up," and is now in training as a full private. We wish him success in his military career, and a safe return.

## RECRUITMENT OF DOCTORS IN ENGLAND AND WALES

We are officially informed by the War Office that, in accordance with their previous announcements, doctors who have undertaken to accept a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps (if offered one) will not be taken for general service; and therefore that any doctor in England and Wales who (whether attested under the Derby scheme or not) has enrolled under the scheme of the Central Medical War Committee or has offered his services in the Royal Army Medical Corps direct to the War Office should, if he receives a notice paper from a recruiting officer calling him up (whether by reason of attestation or under the provisions of the Military Service Act), return it to the recruiting officer, together with his certificate of enrolment, or the War Office acknowledgement of provisional acceptance, as the case may be; and the notice will then be cancelled and the practitioner remain in the Reserve until selected for a commission in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Doctors will not be called up, whether by reason of attestation or under the Military Service Act, until after March 31st, 1916.

Doctors in England and Wales who have not undertaken to accept a commission (if offered one) in the Royal Army Medical Corps will, when called up (whether by reason of attestation or under the Military Service Act), have the same rights of appeal for exemption as men who are not doctors; but all cases coming before the Central Tribunal will be decided by that tribunal after receiving advice from the representative committee of the medical profession specially recognized for the purpose.

Analogous arrangements will obtain in respect of doctors in Scotland.

## CORRESPONDENCE

H.M.H.S. "DEVANHA,"  
MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

28th November, 1915.

To the Editor, "*London Hospital Gazette*."

DEAR SIR,

When the numbers of the *Gazette* have by dint of star hunting at length run me down, I have been more than interested in the letters from "Londoners" on active service. On this ship, to which I have had the luck of being attached since the end of June, we number three "Londoners" in a staff of eight medical officers. L. Clive Smith

and O. S. Kellett are the other two, and very pleased we are to find ourselves together. Smith is now a Captain, Kellett and I only joined up last March. Other old "Londoners" we have met out here are Treves, who is a Pukha Captain and P.M.O. at Alexandria, W. B. G. Angus, who is attached to No. 15 C.C.S., at Anzac, Bartlett who is Pathologist at No. 21 General Hospital, Alexandria, and Hooper, who is at Mudros.

We all recognise that as far as this end of the War is concerned we of the minority who have been given berths on hospital ships must consider ourselves very lucky. To us, at any rate, it is given to live where baths, clean clothes, and good and varied food—and drink—abound. In the summer we could be cool and have the minimum scourge of flies; now in winter we have a dry roof overhead, and dry decks underfoot. Also for these same reasons we have a great advantage over our shore brethren on the Peninsular in the treatment of our cases. We can feed, wash, clothe them, put them into comfortable beds, and treat their wounds and various infections in an infinitely better environment. In comparison with men on the staffs of Base Hospitals we have the advantage that we see more of the campaign, and live more varied existences. It is generally held by these others that we aboard the hospital ships lead a life that is just one continuous, if inglorious, slack. That we have periods, sometimes of as much as ten days, when we have no patients aboard, and that we rarely have them aboard for longer than, say, seven days, often it is little more than five, one cannot deny. But when we are off the beaches filling up and on our way to the base, and even when we are there unloading, there is a practically continuous round of duty for the whole staff. It has to be remembered that within the course of from 36-96 hours, this ship takes on some 550 cases, more than half of whom are too badly wounded or too ill to walk aboard. Amongst these in a "peace time" will be at least 30-40 seriously wounded men who need a great deal of careful dressing, and in many cases operating upon; during any serious fighting the wounded will practically comprise all our cases, and the seriously so may amount to 33 per cent. of the whole—these being evacuated first. One has had as many as 17 cases of compound fractured skulls admitted within 36 hours, with five compound fractured femurs, and other injuries in proportion. We have on the "Devanha" excellent facilities for doing all the urgency surgery for which we have time at our disposal. Our rule is to drain all compound fractures, and such other wounds as require it, and to operate on such of the skulls as are demanding immediate treatment. Secondary hæmorrhage and gangrene provide us with emergency surgery of course.

The drawbacks to hospital ship life are that exercise is not easy to obtain, and seasickness, but

this only applies to the bad sailors, of whom it is my great misfortune to number myself not the best. You who have never set out to do twelve hours continuous dressing of severe and sometimes very smelly wounds with the ship upsetting your balance every few rolls, your head buzzing and giddy, and your stomach forcing you to beat hasty retreats and vomit from time to time—temper some of your envious sneers at "these slackers on hospital ships." Clive Smith and I are fellow sufferers in this respect, but whenever the ship gets back upon a tolerably even keel, we regain our wonted bounce, and swagger it with the hardiest of the sea-dogs—even if we have decided in our sickness to land the first time we reach port, and never go to sea again, even if we have to walk home eventually.

Good luck to all the boys wherever they may be.

Yours,

E. H. RAINEY.

December 7th, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I am writing you, because I thought you might like to know what I've been doing since the beginning of the War.

We went to our annual camp at Lydd a week before War was declared, and no one at that time thought that Germany would dare to interfere in the Austro-Servian crisis. But as the days went on the outlook grew graver, and a newspaper used to send us a telegram every day, giving the latest news. It was posted up in the mess, and every morning there was a rush to get a paper before going on parade. We talked of nothing else in the mess at night. Suddenly one night the Regular officers received orders to rejoin their batteries, but even then, the Regulars thought that it was only as a safeguard, and that we, "the Territorials," would not be mobilised. But next morning, at 4 a.m., an orderly galloped into camp with orders to the effect that we should entrain at once and proceed to our peace station. We entrained, and as the trains passed through stations on the way, people on the platforms cheered, and we realised that England was at last realising that there was something more than pleasure to live and fight for. Instead of jeering at us, as they did on our way to camp, they cheered on our return, and we hoped that they would soon do something more than cheer.

Next afternoon England declared War. That night I received a telegram with one word on it—"Mobilise." I reported at once at headquarters, and was told I might go home until sent for. That night, about 10, a cyclist orderly came, telling me to report at once. This I did, and was



told to take men and ammunition to guard an explosive factory at Pitsea. I had three days and nights there without sleep, and was finally relieved by a Captain of infantry. I then rejoined my battery, and we went on East Coast defences, where we have been until three weeks ago.

People used to laugh at Territorials, and we've been treated very badly, but, if it had not been for us, the Expeditionary Force could never have left England when it did, and the Germans would have been in Paris.

Finally, after staying in England for one year and three months, just when we had all started to despair of ever seeing any fun, after being warned three or four times and being disappointed, and almost ashamed of wearing uniform, we got an order to tell us to go to the station and get new guns. The change that came over everyone was wonderful. The whole Brigade turned out, as pleased as young children over a new toy. When we got them, you could see at any time, in the gun park, men fondling their new guns.

Then we were told to go to Salisbury. We entrained at 8 a.m., got to Salisbury at 9 p.m., marched to our camp there, arose next morning at dawn, went to the ranges and fired all day, came home at dark, did the same next day until 4 p.m., entrained at Salisbury at 7 p.m., got back to our camp at Thetford at 3 a.m. Mobilised for four days, went to port of embarkation; when we got there, we were delayed, owing to a hospital ship being torpedoed in the Channel in the afternoon of the night we were to have sailed, so we waited until the next night. No romance, no noise, simply a troopship leaving for the front. Had a smooth crossing, arrived at the port at which we were to disembark at 1.30 a.m., disembarked at 7 a.m., entrained at 11 a.m., travelled for 20 hours in a wretchedly slow and bumpy French train, the men in cattle trucks, bitterly cold—halting at wayside stations, to water the horses and get hot coffee for the men. Travelling in the train, it was difficult to imagine that there was a war on. The whole countryside was so peaceful, and at night the towns were lit up as before the war.

After 20 hours we detrained, and marched 12 miles to a village 20 miles behind the firing line; we stayed there three or four days, then we moved up to 10 miles behind the line. There the Brigade is at present.

And, so yet another division of artillery has crossed the water.

Personally, about 10 days ago, I went up to the firing line for a week's instruction; did Forward Observation Officer, which is a very interesting and good job. It is a game that all artillery subalterns enjoy.

I went up the trenches, and the mud and water in those particular trenches came up above my

waist, and was very cold. I pity the infantry, and think they deserve all the praise they get, every one of them is a hero. In addition to being very wet and cold, when we fire at the Germans, they retaliate on our trenches, and so the infantry get the worst of it again. But we give the Huns more than they give us now. If they fire we retaliate, on an average of 3 to their 1.

Even up as far as the gun line, people are living in the homes as usual. They don't seem to worry about the war at all. There is a distinct dividing line between, one might almost say, peace and war. Right up to the gun line the houses are scarcely hit; then in front of it, one comes upon ruined houses and churches. I saw one church which is a heap of ruins, all the tombstones broken, and only one thing left standing and untouched, a crucifix in the churchyard. This church and the surrounding houses are shelled every day. It was here that I received my baptism of fire. It was my own fault, owing to not knowing the country. I was walking about in the open, when suddenly a sniper got to work, also the Huns started their daily hate. I may add that I did not stay in the open much longer. Being under fire is not so terrible as people imagine. After that week I rejoined my battery, and now I am up in the firing line again for four days, and thoroughly enjoying myself. After that I rejoin the battery, and we take up our position in the line and do "our bit." At present I would rather be an artillery observation officer than anything else in the world; there is no game like it. It is great sport when one hits the target fair and square. The address is—

"B" Battery,  
2nd East Anglian Brigade, R.F.A.,  
54th Divisional Artillery,  
Attached 33rd Division, B.E.F.

Jenner Clarke is a Captain in our old divisional infantry, and they went to the Dardanelles about four months ago, and I have not heard of him since.

My very best wishes to yourself and all at Hospital.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

OLIVER F. CONOLEY.

ZOMBA,  
NYASALAND.

22nd December, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me. I intended to write sooner. At present I am R.M.O. and also help in the hospital. I am charmed with the country, but find the tropical

heat rather trying at times. The evenings are delightful, and the best of the 24 hours. I hope to be transferred to Europe when hostilities cease here. Judging by the papers recruiting must be booming in S.A., and no doubt a big force will soon be in British East Africa. Have just heard that General Smith-Dorrien is to take supreme command. Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

J. W. BOUWER.

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

December 30th, 1915.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I have just received the *Gazette*, I can't tell you how pleased I was to know all that is going on at Hospital.

I took my section up into action the day before yesterday at a rather important part of the front and we then took over a position from another battery—but the next night, and after having marched 30 miles the day before, we were ordered back to our billets.

We started at eleven o'clock, and marched all night—getting back to billets at 8 o'clock next morning—As for myself, I spent all day in the trenches as Forward Observation Officer, and was then relieved and had to march back—so you may guess I fell asleep once or twice on the march—unfortunately I ride a little polo pony who is always very fresh. It was rather annoying, because each time I fell asleep I would have a rude awakening to find that I had wandered into a team and the horses were resenting it.

We are now waiting to go for service in a different country. I wonder when it will be?

I had rather a surprise meeting with Russell the other night, who is with "C" Battery, 72nd Brigade, R.F.A.—I was getting ready to move away from the position, when suddenly Russell walked into the light thrown by my electric lamp. We recognised each other, and he told me that he was in the Battery next to mine, and was temporarily in charge of it. The curious part about it all was—that their mess was in the next ruined house to ours, and we could actually hear each others' gramophones going. Yet if I had not seen him then, I should have gone away, and not known that he had been so close. He also told me that the other Subaltern in his Battery was Tweedie.

I notice in the College notes that you still have trouble with the telephone messages. If they only knew the trouble and worry we have with our

telephones, or the importance of them, they would be comforted.

Very kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

OLIVER F. CONOLEY.

FRANCE.

5th January, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Thank you very much for your letter of some time ago, all the more so because you seem to be inundated with them.

Although still with the same regiment, we've been for the last two-and-a-half months in another division, the other one having gone East. I got the last number of the *Gazette* while in the trenches, and jolly glad to get it too. We came down from Flanders for the end of September, and since then, after a month's rest, have been in and out of a town which doesn't lose anything by the telling about. I have a very great admiration for German dug-outs, the only objection being that the roofs aren't waterproof. We spent both Christmas and New Year's Day in the trenches; we took the gramophone up to enliven things, but the plum pudding turned out to be an almond blanc-mange, and after warming up in its tin for half-an-hour you can imagine the result. The Brigade Padre came up and gave short Communion Services in the small hours of Christmas morning, using my dressing station as being the largest dug-out available. They shoved a "crump" into it three days after. However, I had just gone out, and there was nobody in, fortunately.

Now we are off again, trekking South, where to I don't know.

What was Christmas at the "London" like? A lot of the advanced dressing stations of the ambulances are named after hospitals—Guy's, Bart's, St. George's and Mary's, but I haven't run across "The London" yet; I don't know whether there is one. I hope you are keeping fit.

Best wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

J. DEIGHTON.

CAPE HELLES.

With the R.N.D., 1st F.A.

To the Editor, "London Hospital Gazette."

CHRISTMAS AT "THE DARDANELLES."

Christmas day was spent under the most adverse conditions, our friend, the enemy, shelling the



trenches, rest camps, and lines of communication continuously thro' the day.

Sports and a concert were arranged in the 1st Field Ambulance for Christmas Day itself. Several heats were run off the preceding day, at 2.30 p.m. As we were putting the finishing touches to the course a Taube appeared, and dropped a few bombs, "pip squeaks," over the head of our lines; this naturally disconcerted us somewhat, however, we started at 2.30 p.m., carrying on till 4 p.m., when a hostile flotilla of aeroplanes appeared dropping bombs indiscriminately—one bomb actually dropping on the course; needless to relate we scattered rapidly.

During this raid, our guns, trenches, roads, camps, etc., were being very heavily shelled, the R.N.D. in the trenches and camps having a particularly warm time, as a result of which we were operating until 1.30 a.m. on Christmas morning. We finally turned in about 2 a.m., having waited till then for our "Padre," one of the finest men I have ever met. He is a man, aged 49, full of rheumatism, and no fonder of shells than any of us—yet he never failed to carry on with his work in the trenches, or elsewhere, under the heaviest possible fire at times. He was conducting a funeral service in the trenches on Christmas eve, at 11 p.m., the mud and water being above his knees.

We were awakened about 8 a.m. on Christmas day by our "waits," who greeted us with carols outside the dug-outs. After a hearty breakfast, we ran off the few remaining heats, which were finished by mid-day—all this time shells were bursting within 150 yards, some as close as 30 yards, of our course. The sum total of the damage in our lines was that one coat and a blanket were torn to bits by shell fire, and that a bottle had the neck knocked off, not a drop of the contents being spilt, the bottle remaining in an upright position.

After our Christmas dinner, minus our "goose," which had been bought over our heads from the avaricious Greek by the Australians (they paid 30/-).

"Quick Dick," of Avia, would not leave us alone, the result of his foolery being that the times of the hundred, obstacle, and three-quarter mile races were considerably lessened owing to the accelerated pace caused by occasional shell splinters spraying the course. One splinter dropped within two feet of one man as he was finishing.

One shell which exploded about 40 yards away, caused some consternation and much amusement; the spectators dropped flat on the ground to a man; the competitors ran off the course, but finished! This was during the relay race.

In spite of the Turks, we got through our programme, and finished up the day with an excellent concert, held in a sheltered gully. In the trenches, the Turks attacked frequently, being easily repulsed each time. The crowning effort of the Turk was at 1 a.m., Boxing day, when a Taube appeared over our lines, at a height of only 500 feet, he dropped three bombs within 60 yards of the men's dug-outs—no damage done again.

One might imagine from the above description that our field ambulance was the special mark of the enemy—but no—they were trying to hit some guns and roads alongside the ambulance.

They killed and wounded some R.A.M.C. orderlies in the hospital, about 50 yards from us; this again was unavoidable, as the shell which did the damage, actually scored a direct hit on the road, the splinters going through the tent side. They have always, in the opinion of all level headed officers out here, continuously respected the Red Cross flag. Every tale which I have heard to the contrary, has on careful enquiry turned out to be false.

I am writing this in the trenches on New Year's eve; shells and bullets (strays) are the order of the day here. Two hostile aeroplanes actually fired on our trenches with machine guns this week—luckily they only hit one man.

The spirit of the men, combatant and non-combatant, is wonderful. They are now, in parts of the trenches, up to their waists in mud—still they cheerfully "carry on." No "rest" camp for these people, as they have, at times, more casualties in the so-called "rest" camps than in the trenches.

On night on coming down from the trenches to my "rest" camp, I was battalion surgeon in those days, we found the dug-outs, without exception, flooded with water, no head cover at all on most of the men's dug-outs. This after two days drenching in the trenches. The men just walked about and sang songs thro' the night, time of year being late November.

The Naval Division has done wonderfully good work out here. Some landed at Cape Helles with the 29th Division. The Anson Battalion, at the landing, carried ammunition up the face of the cliff under very heavy fire, shrapnel and machine gun, to the 29th Division, every now and then dropping the ammunition, and rushing up with their rifles to reinforce the 29th.

They have held parts of the firing line for—when they were a wee bit jumpy and not quite safe. They have been to both Suvla and Anzac. The Division has held fire trenches with far less numbers than other Divisions, one of which on landing boasted that they would take Achi Baba within a few days—they were within ten days "assisted" to some tune by the R.N.D.

We are known as the "dogs' bodies" of the Peninsular, providing working parties for all and sundry, when not in the firing line. An Australian once remarked to an R.N.D. sentry who challenged him, "We all know you *dug* the whole Peninsular, but did not know you had bought it." The men have dug over almost every spot on the Peninsular, the routine being that they would dig a "rest" camp and somebody else would occupy the same.

The Division has never been relieved during the whole period of our attack in Gallipoli. They are at the time of writing, having as bad a time as they have ever had, the result of big guns having been brought up by the enemy.

I am afraid I cannot do justice to them—their history, when written, will make wonderful reading.

I might mention that I am not of the Division, and have only been attached for the last few months; previous to being attached to them, I am ashamed to admit I considered the R.N.D. very small fry.

We hope to be in England before many months are over, when I hope the Division will have a great reception, which they fully deserve. They may not be so spick and span on parade as other units, but when it comes to the actual work in the firing line—give me the R.N.D. every time.

The stretcher bearers of the R.N.D. deserve a special word of praise—they have carried cases under the heaviest fire from shrapnel and high explosive and rifle fire, the mud and water in the trenches reaching well up to their thighs. Never once have I seen them falter with a case. I have seen them give up their dug-outs in the firing line to patients, sharing their food and drink, some giving up all their rations, and having neither food nor sleep for many hours. They have carried on for the R.A.M.C. bearers when they have been "finished," cheerfully taking on the additional work. One must realise that it is a very difficult and courageous feat to coolly carry stretcher cases under extremely heavy fire and never falter in their step. This they have done for months, very rarely being mentioned officially by anyone in the "higher places."

Yours, etc.,

A. W. E.

Surgeons Kaye-Monat, R.N., Parker, R.N.; Lieut. MacDonell, R.A.M.C., are out here. Enclosed is my card. All send our good wishes for a victorious New Year.

M.O. i/c 5TH WILTS. REGT.,

40TH BRIGADE, 13TH DIVISION,

B.M.E.F.

12th January, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I expect you would like to know what has been happening with us out here.

I happened to see a copy of the December *Gazette* a few days ago, and apparently there are no correspondents from Gallipoli.

I came out here with an R.A.M.C. draft, and was attached to a field ambulance for a start, but after a very few days was sent to the above regiment as medical officer, and have been with them ever since.

We were at Suvla Bay, and very close to Chocolate Hill. As these parts have now been evacuated, I can see no objection to mentioning names. Our lines were fairly close to the Turks, who were on rising ground, and hence our positions for dug-outs were limited, as they could easily see any movements in many places.

When I first arrived, the Turks were undoubtedly short of ammunition, as we only had two daily "sträfes," one usually between 9 and 10 a.m., and the other anywhere from 3-5 p.m. The rest of the day was spent in very desultory firing. Many of their shells did not explode, and were familiarly known as "duds."

Later, however, more shells came, and on looking at the cases and nose-cap we found the old familiar Turkish shorthand was no more, and English figures were printed thereon. This told us that the Serbian connection had been established more plainly than "Official War News," especially as "duds" were few and far between, and the calibre had increased. During our last three weeks we had many "coal boxes" which had been unknown before.

The country was very mountainous, and perfect for gun positions for defenders.

The Peninsula abounded in rats and mice, lizards and small snakes, and some enormous spiders. These all contributed to the comfort of one's dug-out.

Luckily, we had very little wet weather; one blizzard afforded us much to think about, as the trenches were flooded and drained into dug-outs, and it all happened in a very short space of time, three feet of water coming into my dressing station in just under fifteen minutes.

We were in reserve when I joined the regiment, that is about 300 yards behind the actual firing line. There one gets shrapnel to one's heart's content; we next went to the fire trenches, where we remained for the following seven weeks. We have no system available as in France. One prefers to be in the fire trench, with all its discomforts, to the invariable shelling of reserve, and one could not get out of shell range anywhere—so no rest camp.

Flies were a plague in September and October, but they gradually died off. I have never before imagined flies in such quantities. When I say, and without the slightest exaggeration, that the inside of a tent in the evening would look absolutely



black, you can understand what I mean. A pencil point could not touch canvas without disturbing a few flies. What with these and dust storms, we had a rotten time.

Apropos of this, soon after joining this regiment, I did some censoring of the men's letters. This I had to pass. "This here country, Sarah, is H—I, there is nowt but flies and sand and bugs and lice and I sweats with nowt on. You could strike a match on the inside of me stummick. Whoi, even the birds have to fly tail first to keep the dust out of their eyes. Hopin this finds you as it leaves me at present, Sarah, your swelterin and swettin sweetheart."

I have struck many amusing references to this country, but I think the above took the prize, and I made a copy of it for future reference. I certainly hope, for Sarah's sake, it did not find her as it left him at present: I attended this gentleman later for general skin sepsis from scratching and baiting pediculi.

Medically, the only mental strain required was treatment for dysentery and skin sepsis. When the former reached a certain stage, they passed out of our hands, and we were left with the latter.

I have given *two* aperient pills since I left England; those were memorable occasions. Just lately, catarrhal jaundice has come to the fore, and from the beginning of symptoms, one can prophesy when the jaundice will appear, usually 48 hours later.

I have only met one "London" man on the Peninsula, R. D. Davy, who is M.O. to the King's Own Lancs. I have heard of others. Scott Wilson was at Cape Helles. Everard Sharp and Atkinson were at a temporary Hospital at Imbros, having been landed from a Hospital Ship during the evacuation of Suvla Bay and Anzac.

Major Skelton is our D.A.D.M.S., and an old "Londoner."

We are always glad to hear of anything concerning the "London," and in fact any news is welcome, for if the censor is strict with news in England, it has been censored to nothing by the time it reaches us. "The Russians show activity on Western front. The Italians have reached their objective," being fair samples of our official news.

From the point of view of enlightenment on the course of the great struggle, well —

I have drawn this out much further than I intended, and hope the wanderings of my mind and nib will not bore you too much.

With kindest wishes and remembrances to yourself and members of the Staff, not forgetting

Mr. Burdon (to whom my congratulations on his marriage).

Ever yours sincerely,

J. B. THACKERAY,  
Lieut., R.A.M.C.

January 16th, 1916.

DEAR EDITOR,

Thank you so much for sending the *Gazette* for December. It will be a great help in tracing other "Londoners" out here, though I have already come across several. The 75th and 76th Field Ambulances are amongst those from which we evacuate wounded, so I have seen J. H. Bayley, C. Beatty and H. G. Oliver. The former is now a Captain, so, like many others, his name will need to be transferred to a more honourable page in the next number.

H. W. Kaye is now M.O. in the 8th Casualty Clearing Station in this town.

The other day I went to visit the 28th Field Ambulance, which at one time had four "Londoners" on its Staff, but I found that all except Neligan had been transferred to other units, and he had gone on leave the previous day!

Things are of course very quiet just now, but we have concerts and other pastimes to help pass the time away. The other day the band of the Royal Artillery was performing before a crowded audience here, and who should I see in the row in front of me but Humphrey Neame. He is now M.O. to the 18th Brigade, R.G.A., at a village which our Ambulances often visit, so I went to see him shortly after. I expect you will be hearing from him. His Major says he is getting to know more about guns than even the combatment officers of the unit!

Congratulations to Mr. Burdon on his marriage!

Yours sincerely,

JAS. A. LILEY,  
Lieut., R.A.M.C.,  
14th M.A.C., B.E.F.

STATION HOSPITAL,  
QUETTA,  
BALUCHISTAN.

25th January, 1916.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

The December *Gazette* has just reached me, full of the most interesting accounts from every quarter, and I am writing again with a little fresh news from myself.

About the middle of October I suddenly got orders to accompany reinforcements of Indian

troops, to destinations not definitely stated, as medical officer. Consequently on the 16th I found myself leaving the Port of Karachi on a transport with 1,000 native troops and about 20 British officers, bound, as I soon discovered, for Marseilles. At first I was kept pretty busy, especially as I had had very little previous experience with native troops, and a large number of these had never been on a ship or seen the sea before. However, things soon settled down to a daily routine, and the voyage became a very pleasant one.

We touched at Aden, spent a night at Suez, and then, in consequence of a slight mishap in the canal, had to put in to Alexandria for repairs to our propellor. We reached Marseilles on November 7th, and here my duties ceased, for the time being.

On reporting to the A.D.M.S. I was told to wait for orders to return, so while doing so, took the opportunity of a few days holiday in a new spot, to me.

From Marseilles I travelled to Alexandria on a hospital ship, the "Glengorm Castle," taking sick and wounded Indians back to the hospitals there. At Alexandria, I met Colonel H. E. R. James, O.C., No. 15 General Hospital. Colonel James will be remembered by all who were in O.T.C., and attended the summer camps. Here also I saw, for a few moments, on board the "Asturias," Captain R. N. Hunter, R.A.M.C. Lieutenant Thomas I saw once or twice—he was Assistant Embarkation Medical Officer, also Lieutenant Chevasse in the A.D.M.S.'s office. I heard of other "Londoners" about there, but was not fortunate enough to meet them.

From Alexandria I was sent to Bombay on the "Madras," another hospital ship, taking home sick and wounded Indians. The Matron, Miss Jessop, was a former Sister Charlotte, she had come out to India on plague duty several years ago. I learnt some interesting things about the "London" of a few years back, and about its present "chiefs" when they were not so "chief."

We landed in Bombay on December 26th, after a Merry Christmas at sea. Who should I meet here but A. B. Preston and E. C. Linton, the former just down from Meerut on matrimonial pursuits, the latter having just come out after being wounded in France. You can imagine we had something to talk about.

From Bombay I reached Karachi by sea as M.O. on a "mule and staff-officer" transport! and from Karachi here by train, arriving January 4th.

We are now in the middle of the cold weather here. The tops of the surrounding hills are covered with snow, and at nights we sometimes

get as much as 20 degrees of frost. In the middle of the day the sun is warm but the general aspect is colder than the average mid-England winter. Quetta is over 5,000 feet above sea level. I am now in charge of the malaria ward of the hospital, and am acting M.O. to the 2/4th Hants Regiment (Territorials). Before I left in October, I was also anaesthetist, which latter duty I have just taken up again.

Altogether life out here is very pleasant, but I shall be very willing to exchange with anybody for a billet in France so as to get some chance of seeing the War.

I have said nothing about the social or sports sides of life as I must be drawing this to a close, but there are plenty opportunities for almost all forms of sports, and a very good club.

I was very pleased to see by the account of the summer camp, and by the photographs, that the O.T.C. is still going strong.

I remain, Sir,

Ever yours sincerely,

RALPH R. THOMPSON,  
Captain R.A.M.C. (S.R.)

27th. P.S.—Just before posting. I am just under orders for the Persian Gulf, I.E.F. "D." so hope to be able to send you an account from there soon.

H.M. HOSPITAL SHIP "DUNLUCE CASTLE,"  
B.M.E.F.

26th January, 1916.

AT PRESENT AT SALONICA.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

To-day a copy of the December issue of *L.H. Gazette* unexpectedly came to hand. I presume it was forwarded by the College, and tender you my thanks for it.

Six months of work on this ship, varied by occasional runs ashore on that notorious Peninsula and other places, have proved much to my taste, both from the military and professional aspect.

But enough! Details will not interest you. Bouwer is doing good work in East Africa. Doubtless he too would relish a copy of the *Gazette*. His address is:—

Captain J. W. Bouwer, S.A.M.C.,  
c/o Base P.O.,  
Zamba,  
Nyasaland.

By the way, what is our crime that we should both be omitted from the "Pro Aris et Focis" list?